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The Temple of love

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THE

TEMPLE OF LOVE,

OR

NEW

Valentine Writer

BEING

A capital Collection

OF

VALENTINES & ANSWERS

FOR

THE PRESENT YEAR.

Embellished with a coloured Frontispiece.

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110, MINORIES.

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Published as the Act Directs March 23 1840 by J FAIRBURN, Minories

A DAY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

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THE

TEMPLE

OF

LOVE.

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A PASTORAL VALENTINE.

MY cot's at the foot of a hill,
  Where the lambkins delightfully play;
Around it there murmurs a rill,
  And the meads are unusually gay.

Sweet woodbines and eglantines twine.
  To form a retreat at my door;
My wall is adorn'd with a vine—
  My roses are strew'd on my floor.

I envy no monarch his lot,
  While I can reside on the plain;
Much happier lodg'd in my cot,
  Than where grandeur and luxury reign.

I tend a few sheep for employ,
  My flute sounds my Phillis's praise
A pastoral life is my joy,
  My Phillis excites all my lays.

Then come my sweet girl, come away,
  No longer my offers decline,
Let to-morrow be our wedding-day,
  For to-morrow is sweet Valentine

TO MARIA.

UNLESS with my Maria bless'd,
In vain I twine the woodbine bow'r;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flow'r.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the fresh'ning fields appear,
Without my love there is no spring.

Come then, my fair, and haste to twine
Two faithful hearts, my only Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

YES, William dear, I'll freely own
What passes in my breast;
Thy image there impress'd alone
Deprives Maria's rest.

In vain for thee I court the vale,
Or feather'd tribe, to cheer
My bosom's grief, o'er hill or dale
I wander far and near.

Yes to thy arms I'll now incline,
And own no other swain, my Valentine.

TO NANCY.

BY the Queen of Love I swear
I'll be constant to my dear;
To my Nancy shall my love
Ever true and faithful prove;
Then say, my fair, thou art mine,
On this the morn of Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

BEHOLD, dear Tom, what you desire,
My breast is fill'd with equal fire:
Hymen shews the ready way,
Nor do I wish to longer stay.
Receive my heart, with your's entwine
The stranger dear, my Valentine.

TO CHARLES.

A SECRET fire consumes my heart,
And, to augment my raging pain,
The charming foe that rais'd the smart,
Denies me freedom to complain.

But sure 'tis just we should conceal
The bliss and woe in love we feel;
Then hear me, lovely fellow, say,
What rapture would one smile convey.
Oh! grant my pray'r; dear youth incline,
And answer this, Love's Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

COME, darling Cupid, from above,
To me thy sweets impart;
Oh! teach me, with endearing love,
To heal my Laura's smart.

So will each pleasing transport rise,
With conscious virtue crown'd;
While I with joy her wishes prize,
When Hymen has no bound.

Yes, dearest maid, at the altar I'm thine,
For ever thy constant and true Valentine.

TO ELIZA.

HOW happy was my morn of love,
When first thy beauty won my heart;
How guiltless of a wish to rove!
I deem'd it more than death to part.

Whene'er from thee I chanc'd to stray,
How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That spread with flowers a distant way,
And shew'd delight in ev'ry scene.

But Fortune, envious of my joys,
Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms:
From me thy sweetest smile decoys,
And gives thee to another's arms.

Yet, though my tears are doom'd to flow,
May tears be ne'er Eliza's lot;

Let love protect thy heart from woe,
His wound to mine shall be forgot.
Deign then to answer what's your design,
And let me call you only Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

NO more repine, my faithful love,
Or think me to another giv'n;
'Tis your's to name the happy day,
That crowns our love, approv'd by heav'n,
Then come for ever to my soul,
My William, come and prove,
How calm our blissful years will roll
Along a life of love.
Yes, dearest youth, my heart is thine,
Accept the present, fondest Valentine.

TO LUCY.

YOUR beauties with age you will lose,
Then seize the short moment of joy;
Your Thomas reward with your love,
Who your ev'ry care will destroy.
Come, Lucy, bid our transports begin,
Nor longer let Hymen delay,
As love in our youth can't be sin,
Then fix it for Valentine's day.

THE ANSWER.

IF love is a crime, my fond youth,
Then Lucy is guilty indeed;
For, I trust to your honour and truth,
And at church will subjoin to the cree
Then haste to thy Lucy, I'm thine,
As these make it plainly appear;
With thee blest, for my fond Valentine,
How jocund will roll on the year.

TO RICHARD.

AMONG the swains that trip the plains,
Young Richard is most smart;
You sing so sweet, and look so neat,
I fear you've won my heart.

Beneath a shade I once did sit,
And you were overleaning;
I heard a sigh, I can't tell why,
I wish I knew your meaning.

And as the day is now arriv'd,
I've muster'd up a rhyme;
That you may know I most desire
To be your Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

NO more from fair to fair I'll rove,
A convert now to love I'll prove;
Alone I sigh'd for Catherine's charms,
And musing cry'd, with folded arms,
To me and love she does incline,
And hails her loving Valentine.

WITH A POCKET-BOOK.

APPOINTMENTS often you've mistook,
So I send a memorandum book;
The days, weeks, and months you'll see,
As handy, Miss, as they can be.
To suit it to your mind the better,
There is a case to hold a letter,
With other things of good design,
And fit for you, my Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

YOUR present is of use, I find,
And is quite artfully design'd
To put me still in mind of you;
Say, Valentine, is it not true?
Well, I will try to do my best,
And set you down among the rest.

WITH A ROSE, AND TWO HEARTS UNITED.

BRIGHT emblem of the budding rose,
In blooming spring that early blows,

Like her the ravish'd sense you meet,
As fair as innocent and sweet:
To you your Valentine commends
His suit, and this united emblem sends.
Two hearts in one do here combine;
Were that the lot of yours and mine,
Sure the chaste union would be found
By heav'n with choicest blessing crown'd

THE ANSWER.

IN emblematic style you write,
And with sweet lays to love invite;
But while the rose your verse adorns,
Do you not fear there may be thorns?
In wedlock should they wound your peace
At once your love and song would cease;
My Valentine alone remain,
And you may still renew the strain.

TO A LADY.

THOUGH my station forbids I this freedom should take,
What won't a man do that's near dead for your sake!
In vain I have strove my distress to conceal.
Until Hope whisper'd, venture your love to reveal;
Her sister Miss Charity, ever with you,
Let plead for a lover most constant and true;
And who, if rejected, his life must resign,
No longer desired by your Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

A GENEROUS mind honest truth will approve,
Nor blame in a female a confession of love,
A passion till now I may say I ne'er knew,
And will not deny mine's most ardent for you;
Then hasten to church, I'll there vow to be thine,
With virtue and honour for life, Valentine,

TO A GENTLEMAN.

TELL the lov'd object of my thought and eye,
How I his martyr and his victim die;
Tell him the cause of all my grief will prove
(Without his help) my death; for oh! tis love

Invades my heart, deprives my rest,
With hope and fear inspires my breast;
Implore his pity, bid the conflict cease,
The mandate bring of love and peace.
Speed thee, fond thought, an answer give
That he is mine, for him alone I live;
Quick to me come, and say he's mine,
On this the morn of Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

YES, charming fair and blooming rose,
Bid thy fond heart in confidence repose;
For thee alone I love, and stripp'd of art,
My passion freely thus impart.
To you for ever will I constant prove,
And swear allegiance at the throne of love.
Away with doubt and fell despair,
With the I'll soften ev'ry care;
I haste, my love, for to entwine
Two hearts in one, sweet Valentine.

TO A GENTLEMAN.

MY dear, with this I blow a kiss,
As earnest of our future bliss;
I have not time to tell you more,
But you alone I do adore.

THE ANSWER.

YOURS I receiv'd, and if 'tis bliss,
With this take back a loving kiss.
A faithful heart who can refuse,
An honest hand who would not choose.
I accept both, and vow I'm thine,
Your constant loving Valentine.

TO A FAVOURED LOVER.

TO him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me
Which keeps me from the sight of thee.
Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day an hour to live,

Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms;
Oh! come, with all thy heav'nly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel at this delay.

My soul is fill'd with thee alone,
No other wish or object knows;
O make me blest! be ALL my own,
And give my heart secure repose.

THE ANSWER.

HASTE thee, fond thoughts, on airy pinions borne
And ease the heart by doubt and mis'ry torn;
Tell her, responsive beats the heart,
That vows from her no more to part,
Till holy church does her's entwine
With thine, her loving Valentine.
With hope and comfort lull to rest
Each anxious sigh that swells her breast;
My soul for thee alone does live,
Then consolation freely give.
All that can relieve impart
With passion true, devoid of art;
Say I will love, to ev'ry wish incline,
And be her lover, husband, Valentine.

WITH A SMELLING BOTTLE.

IF vapours should distress my love,
The virtue of this bottle prove.
Exhilarating thoughts will chase
Each languid humour from the face;
Her spirits raise, relume her eye,
And make the spleen directly die;
Then take this useful toy of mine,
And bless your happy Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

AS trifles often win the heart,
Yours I receive, and feel thy art.
Impressions favourable are not amiss,
And therefore come and take a kiss.

In harmless mirth believe me thine,
But nothing more, my Valentine.

TO MARY.

DEAR Mary, listen to my song,
It will my pains discover!
For I, forsooth, have lov'd thee long,
Long been thy faithful lover.

Then do not turn thy heart away,
No longer let me pine;
But let to-morrow be the day
Of bliss—and Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

BELIEVE me, John, I can't comply
So easy to your suit;
But time and your industry try,
Opinion to refute.

I hold it good in doubt to be,
And therefore must decline,
Till I know more concerning thee
To call you Valentine.

TO SALLY.

MY torments still do with my passion grow,
The more I love the more I undergo;
But suffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain.
My wound requires a speedy remedy,
Delays are fatal when despair's so nigh.
More I've endur'd, dear Sally, than can tell;
Too much, indeed, for one who loves so well.
Then, prithee, send an answer—thou art mine,
And I will prove your constant Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

RICHARD, excuse the answer of a maid,
Your passion now I know by what you've said;
Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true
Such as I always wish'd to find in you.

Each kind expression, ev'ry tender thought,
Has mighty transports in my bosom wrought,
Come then, dear youth, to you I will encline,
Be thou but faithful, I'm thy Valentine.

WITH TWO ROSE-BUDS.

HOW sweetly do these rose-buds twine!
How beautiful to view!
Just so, my lovely Valentine,
I wish to join with you.

How happy is the married state,
Where hearts like roses join!
Then take me, Chloe, for your mate,
My charming Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

IN sweetest buds there canker lies,
And in the rose sharp thorns arise;
So to be safe, I must decline,
Nor take you for my Valentine.

TO STREPHON.

WHILE heav'n and earth solicit me to love,
And ev'ry sense thy manly charms approve,
One cries obey, the next proclaims be free;
One urges duty, t'other liberty!
Call'd off by one, by t'other call'd again,
Toss'd like a vessel on the restless main;
What's to be done, dear Strephon? bid them cease
For, in your arms there must be lasting peace.
If thou to me will faithfully incline,
Answer me quick, dear Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

WHAT'S to be done? dear maid, you cry,
And seem in doubt to be;
I answer strait—for you I'll die,
And live alone for thee.

Thy modest mien, thy guileless heart
Has fix'd me ever thine;
Love took his aim with Cupid's dart,
And pierc'd thy Valentine.

BY A TIMID LOVER.

IF in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever lov'd to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure,
The cause—I must not—dare not tell.

That grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue
I feel will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

THE ANSWER.

LEND, zephyr; lend thy balmy wing,
My wishes soft to bear;
The mind that can so humbly sing
Should never know despair!

Go tell the dear, the much lov'd youth,
Tell him in gentle sighs,
That Anna's heart has felt his truth,
And yields itself his prize.

Tell him—but softly let it be,
Soft as the cygnet's down,
Tell him, 'twas his humility,
Made Rosa's heart his own.

TO DOLLY.

MY person is handsome and jolly,
My coffers are fill'd with gold,
And I'm willing to purchase, dear Dolly,
If you have a heart to be sold.

What signifies coaxing and crying,
And cringing and making a rout,
And talking a great deal of dying,
And nobody knows what about?

For me, in good truth, I forswear it;
If you'll have me, 'tis all very well:
If you won't—why I'm able to bear it,
Then say if your heart is to sell.

THE ANSWER.

THOUGH your person is handsome and jolly,
And your coffers well lin'd with gold,
I'd have you to know that Miss Dolly
Has never a heart to be sold.

I neither love coaxing nor crying,
Yet the wretch, who supposes for gain
That I am continually sighing,
Shall never my person obtain.

As for you, Sir, I solemnly swear,
Though I had not a single groat,
My affections you never will share,
For affection is not to be BOUGHT.

TO CLARA.

FLUSH'D with warm hope—yet tremblingly
That Clara's bosom will my suit decline,
Bow'd to the ground do I beseech the maid,
To be her humble Edwin's Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

RISE, gentle youth, 'tis Clara bids thee rise,
Her tender heart will not thy suit decline;
Dost thou not hear her say, in whisp'ring sighs,
That Edwin only his her Valentine?

DAMON TO DELIA,

WRITTEN BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

ASK'ST thou, 'how long my love shall stay,
'When all that's gay is past?'
How long!—Ah, Delia, can I say
How long my life will last?
Dried be that tear—be hush'd that sigh—
At least I'll love the till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too?
The thought of Damon's death!
That he, who only lives for you,
Must yield his faithful breath?
Hush'd be that sigh!—be dried that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here.

THE ANSWER.

THINK'ST thou, my Damon, I'd forego,
This tender luxury of woe,
Which better than the tongue imparts
The feelings of impassion'd hearts?
Blest if my sighs and tears shall prove
The winds and waves that waft to love.

Can true affection cease to fear?
Poor is the joy not worth a tear!
Did passion ever know content?
How weak the raptures words can paint!
Then let my sighs and tears but prove,
The wind and waves that waft to love.

The Cyprian bird, with plaintive moan,
Thus makes her faithful passion known;
So Zeph'rus breathes on Flora's bowers,
Then let my sighs and tears but prove
The winds and waves that waft to love.

THE DAYS OF LOVE.

Solicitation.

YOUNG Thyrsis, the pride of the plain,
Cleora had often address'd,
Truth and honour were found in the swain,
And the nymph the fairest confest.

Yet still to his passion unkind,
Unheeded she heard his fond tale,
With the pangs of despair in his mind,
He sorrowful sigh'd through the vale.

Impell'd by the fondest regard,
He sought the dear maid once again,
From his constancy hop'd a reward,
For there ne'er was a more faithful swain.

With her flock as she stray'd in the grove,
The language of love he essay'd,
He begg'd she'd his passion approve,
And a smile beam'd at last from the maid.

Oh smile, my Cleora, again!
The cares of my bosom relieve,
Nor treat me with frowns of disdain,
For your Thyrsis will never deceive.
More soften'd, Cleora replied,
I pity the pangs of your breast;
Complain then no more of my pride,
And Thyrsis may hope for the best.

HOPE.

VAIN sorrows and cares shall no longer molest,
While Hope, pleasing Hope, reigns in Thyrsis's breast
Cleora, dear charmer, at length has prov'd kind,
And banish'd suspicion and doubts from my mind;
Her smiles gave a rapture, I cannot declare,
And prov'd that the nymph is as kind as she's fair.

Ye moments, ye hours, and ye days, swiftly fly,
Till the maid with my utmost request shall comply;
Still shade her, ye trees, from the heat of the day,
And near her, ye lambkins, still frolic and play!
She taught me to hope, and dispell'd my despair,
Which proves that the nymph is as kind as she's fair.

Sweet Hope, thou attendant of fondest desire,
From a lover like Thyrsis you ne'er shalt retire,
But soothe his fond passion from morning till night,
And comfort his mind with the thoughts of delight.
Cleora at last has dispell'd my despair,
Which proves that the nymph is as kind as she's fair.

WITH A PRIMROSE.

ASK me why I send you here,
The firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all be-pearl'd with dew;
I strait will whisper in your ears
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.
Ask me why this flower doth shew,
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak
And bending, yet it doth not break;
must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

TO JEMMY.

PRAY heart be still, nor breed a riot,
How shall I keep the rebel quiet?
It would away and fly to thee,
My Jemmy, bonny, gay, and free.
Will you accept and make it thine,
My sweet and loving Valentine?

THE ANSWER.

YES, I'll receive the truant elf,
A pledge of love with dearer self,
Martha, my love, come haste away,
And join the warblers of this day.
To thy own Jemmy now incline,
My turtle-dove, my Valentine.

TO POLLY.

LET Jove approve of Pallas' face,
Let Ralph adore his Alley;
My pen shall flow to paint the grace
That dwells in lovely Polly.

Fair Venus dimples in the cheek,
And Cupid loves to dally
Upon the chaste and snowy neck
Of sweet inchanting Polly.

The rose and the carnations join
With lillies of the valley,
To paint your features all divine,
My ever-pleasing Polly,

Grant me, ye gods, I ask but this,
But don't stand shilly-shally,
Grant me, I pray, the heavn'ly bliss,
To live and die with Polly.

THE ANSWER.

O flatt'rer Hope, delusive cheat,
Allay thy rapture, pray;
When next my Charles I joyful meet,
I'll tell him what you say,

Yes, foolish heart, and cunning elf,
Thou dost his vows believe;

With eager praise on knowing self,
Would fain thyself deceive.

Grant me, ye gods, I ask but this,
That he ne'er prove a rover:
Grant me, I pray the heav'nly bliss,
My husband in my lover.

AN ELEGANT VALENTINE.

HASTEN, my love, and with thee bring
Thy treasur'd gems of coming Spring,
That scarce its charms unfold,
And greet, with innate grace divine,
Thy true and faithful Valentine,
Who sighs with hopes untold.

The op'ning bud of young desire
Glows with the roseate hue entire,
Of tender breathing love;
It decks the wreath I now entwine,
To crown thee with, my Valentine,
Should'st thou the gift approve.

Oh! then with constancy repair
To friendship's shrine, I wait thee there
With pure devoted zeal;
There sacred attributes combine
To bless thy adoring Valentine,
While fervently I kneel.

And while the ambient airs arise,
In curling incense to the skies,
I'll fan the sacred fire;
My off'rings, at the hallow'd shrine
That gives me love and Valentine,
Shall humbly grace the pyre.

THE ANSWER.

BRIGHT nymph, I come light as the breeze
That wafts the sun o'er summer's seas,
With winged steps I move;
I fly to claim my Valentine,
And clasp her at the union shrine
Of friendship and of love.

There, as I read her soften'd eye,
And press her hand, and drink her sigh,
  Too fleet my life will pass;
One laughing dream will flit the hours,
And Time, asham'd in bands of flow'rs,
  Shall hide his scythe and glass.

There will we breathe our common pray'r,
To her who makes the heart her care,
  And all its fire controls;
There in an extatic trance we'll kneel,
Till by electric pow'r we feel
  An interchange of souls.

But e'er such purer bliss I share,
Immortal love and faith I swear,
  Idalia! hear me now;
Attesting Cupids, weave the line,
Unclasp the book of writ divine,
  And register my love.

FROM A LADY
TO A COUNTRY PARSON,

Whose humility rendered him backward in declaring his love, written on the back of the Ten of Hearts.

SOME maidens, struck by Cupid's dart,
Will only give a SINGLE heart
  To him whom they adore;
But I, my passion firm to prove,
And shew the ardour of my love,
  Have sent thee HALF A SCORE.

Then, prithee parson, be not vext,
What though I've chose a homely text,
  To love's your bounden duty;
Think you the God of heaven will frown,
Because his creatures feel and own
  The force of female beauty?

Oh, then, my much-lov'd virtuous friend,
Unto my earnest wish attend,
  Be thou my Valentine;
Perhaps, in pity to my prayer,
It may in time be Hymen's care
  To make me ever thine.

THE PARSON'S ANSWER.

Written on the ACE.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere;
You send TEN hearts, the tithe is only mine,
Give me but ONE, and burn the other nine

TO A LADY.

IF fix'd on yours, my eyes in prayer you see,
You must not call my zeal idolatry;
For since our Maker's throne is fix'd so high,
That only in his works the God we spy;
And what's most bright, most gives him to our view,
I look most near him when I look on you.

THE ANSWER.

WHAT boots the lustre of the sparkling eye,
Or all the beauties that the cheeks disclose?
Sickness will cause the beamy light to fly;
While the long catalogue of human woes
Furrows the face, as mildews blight the rose.

If you your love had fix'd upon the MIND,
(For there alone God has his image plac'd)
Your sighs had not been pour'd upon the wind,
Nor you in fruitless sorrow left to moan
For joys which rightly sought, had been your own.

A VALENTINE with a WEDDING-RING.

WITHIN the circle of this magic ring,
My lovely Molly's heart
(A jewel worth the purchase of a king)
Is held by holy art.

By the same art, my fond and faithful maid,
Thou shalt my soul confine;
For duty now shall inclination lead
To make me ever thine.

THE ANSWER.

TO the church I'll go,
And will not say no,

If your meaning's as honest as mine ;
Then come when you will,
Your wish to fulfil,
I'm ready my sweet Valentine.

TO BETSY.

WHEN with delight fond love on beauty dwelt,
While this the youth, and that the fair express'd
Faint was his joy, compar'd to what I felt,
When in my angel Betsy's presence bless'd.

Tell her, O Valentine ! with sighing breath,
If she my piercing grief can pitying see ;
Tell her that what I feel resembles death,
While her lov'd presence is deny'd to me.

ANSWER TO HENRY.

GO, Valentine, on balmy zephyrs borne,
To much-lov'd Henry speed thy way ;
Tell him, his Betsy's breast, by anguish torn,
For his dear sake forsakes the gay.

And all the world will still decline,
If he your pray'r attend.
If love alike our hearts entwine.
And virtue calls him friend.

TO CHARLOTTE.

WHY, Charlotte, was form'd thy lovely face,
Thy noble air, thy more than female grace,
Those eyes that with such fire and meaning glow,
Those cheeks of roses, and those breasts of snow,
Those lovely locks in wanton ringlets spread,
Those iv'ry teeth, those lips as coral red ;
Those coral lips, from which proceeds a voice
So soft, so sweet, 'twould make despair rejoice ?
Oh ! bless my years with this enchanting sound,
That all mine, if virtue's to be found
In the true grateful heart of any swain,
Who dare endure for thee, nor e'er complain.
So shall I hope by constant care to prove
A claim, my fair, to thy enduring love.

THE ANSWER.

WHY what a whining and a pother,
You make indeed, to be my lover;
You talk of air, of eyes and grace,
Of cheeks, of lips, as in my face
Were centred all the beauties rare,
That e'er gave hope or caus'd despair;
But once for all my silly swain,
Endure it still, nor e'er complain;
For sure you merit this and more;
And Charles has told me, to a score
You have repeated this same rhyme,
To each in season for a time.
So prithee cease this trade of art,
And try to win the worthy heart
By honest speech and manly merit,
And prove yourself a man of spirit;
Nor longer praise alone the face,
And features too of shape and grace;
And as a friend you may be mine,
Though not a foolish Valentine.

TO GEORGE.

MAY love, esteem, and friendship crown thy days
With joys to guilt unknown, from doubts secure;
While heav'nly truth inspires the voice of praise,
And bids that praise beyond the world endure.

Through life to virtue's sacred dictates true,
Be such thy joys as angels may approve,
Such as may lead to raptures ever new,
To endless peace and purest bliss above.

And if Matilda covets to be thine,
Oh! answer this, and be her Valentine.

ANSWER TO MATILDA.

OH! may I catch that sacred fire,
Which animates thy breast;
Like thee to noblest heights aspire,
Like thee be truly blest.

Thus shall the pleasing charm of love
Bright virtue's force increase;

Thus ev'ry changing scene shall prove
The road to lasting peace.
And thus through life our hearts shall know
A more than mortal joy,
Beyond what fortune can bestow,
Or time, or death, destroy,
Bless thee, Matilda ! for ever am I thine .
Alone thou art my hope, my joy, and Valentine.

To a LADY with a PAIR OF GLOVES,

TO guard your hands from cold or heat,
I've sent a pair of mittens neat ;
And could I but my wish command,
I, like a glove upon your hand,
Would stick as close, and call you mine,
As you are now my Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

YOUR gloves I own a pretty present,
But sure your meaning's something pleasant ;
To stick as close as gloves to me !
Lord ! what a strange thing that would be !
I never can believe it true ;
But men say strange things when they woo,
And so to help out your design,
I thank you for my Valentine.

To a LADY with a LANDSCAPE.

THE artless shepherd and the maid
Are seated here beneath the shade ;
The little lambkins frisk and bound,
And doves upon the boughs are found ;
The cheerful birds begin to sing,
And all salute the infant Spring.
Then come with me, the concert join,
And bless your faithful Valentine

THE ANSWER.

SINCE simple truth and innocence
Are still my guard and my defence,
Young Colin, I will hail the day.
And join with you in sport and play ;
And in the vocal concert join,
To be your faithful Valentine.

TO A LADY, WITH A WATCH.

MADAM, I hope you'll think it not a crime
To send a regulator of your time;
By this you may your ev'ry action guide,
See how it loiters, or how fast it glides;
Improve each moment, and adjust each plan,
And fix the time to bless the happy man;
And that my humble suit you may'nt decline,
Find who at present is your Valentine.

THE ANSWER.

THE moral present, sir, I take,
And keep it safely for your sake;
And heedful will each moment view,
At ev'ry one will think of you;
And that your hopes may not decline,
Accept you for my Valentine.

TO KATE.

BEHOLD, dear Kate, behold and pity me,
And leave me not to perish in the sea;
The sea of love; but stretch out thy fair hand,
And I shall quickly reach the wish'd-for land.
Be thou my pilot and my motion guide,
Then I shall swim in spite of wind or tide.

THE ANSWER.

I TELL you, I like not your whimsical letter,
If your mind's set on Kate you must write her a better

TO JANE.

I LOVE you Jane, by what? for, 'tis said by the bye,
If a lover he swears, he will certainly lie;
I love you indeed, on my honour 'tis true,
If you doubt me why take me, and try what I'll do.

THE ANSWER.

YOUR'S I receiv'd, and in answer do say,
I approve the contents, and will fix on a day.

THE END.

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